

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 56. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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Old St. Paul's Cathedral.
(From a Print by Hollar.)

J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. III.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
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OLD SAINT PAUL'S.

THE present cathedral of Saint Paul, built by Wren, is the third church erected on this commanding site, or nearly so. It is, indeed, a magnificent master-piece of classic architecture—"the grandest building in the grandest city in the world;" but the site, and the two preceding churches, are so stored with hallowed associations, that even the triumph of modern art—the glory of the present—is dimmed by the interest of the past. "On the same spot whence are now dispensed the soul-cheering doctrines of the reformed religion, the Pagan has offered his sacrifices at the shrine of his fears and superstitions—the proselytes of the Church of Rome have told their beads and chanted masses for the dead; and in this little spot, too, the scene in which, when living, many of them have striven for power and fame, now rest the bones of men—princes, warriors, and philosophers—who have each played for a few moments, during a period of at least twelve hundred years, a principal part in the grand drama of human life:"

"The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!

The stones have voices; and the walls do live:

It is the house of memory."—*Maturin*.*

It has been often related that a temple, consecrated to Diana, and erected by the Roman colonists of Britain, stood at one time on the present site of St. Paul's; and it is traditionally stated that when digging for the second church, bones of oxen, horns of stags, and other remains of sacrifices were found, with a figure of the goddess herself. Wren, however, asserts that in digging for the present church, he "changed all the foundations of old St. Paul's, and upon that occasion rummaged all the ground thereabouts," without finding any thing to support the story of Diana. But he discovered what proved of far greater interest—a cemetery, in which Britons, Romans, and Saxons, had been successively buried; and beneath it, circumstances to prove that *the sea had once occupied the site on which St. Paul's now stands*.

It appears that when Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory, to teach Christianity, he fixed the archiepiscopal seat at Canterbury, created Mellitus the first bishop of London, and put that see under his governance: during the dominion of that prelate, about A.D. 610, Ethelbert, who had been converted to Christianity by Augustine, founded on this spot the cathedral church of St. Paul, endowed it with lands, and obtained various privileges from the Pope. Such was the origin of the *first church*, which, in the reign of William the Conqueror, was destroyed by fire, as was also much of the city.

Maurice, the then bishop, immediately commenced a most extensive pile, the principal materials for which, according to Dugdale, he procured from the ruins of an old castle, called the Palatine Tower, near the river Fleet. He laboured upon it twenty years, but effected little towards its completion; nor did his successor, although he expended upon the work an equal amount of time and money. He bought and pulled down many houses around the church, added ground to the yard, and commenced a strong wall of enclosure, the completion of which was ordered by Edward II. some time afterwards, to prevent the occurrence of robberies and murders, which frequently took place there; a reason which strikingly illustrates the lawless state of those times.

Such was the origin of the *second church*, which Stow says was so wonderful for size, that men judged it never would be finished: it was erected upon arches, or vaults of stone, a manner of building said to have been, until then,

but little known in England. The stone, with the exception of the old materials, is stated to have been brought from Caen, in Normandy. Henry I. commanded that all vessels which entered the river Fleet, bearing materials for the erection of the new cathedral, should be free from toll and custom. The building was gradually advanced; the choir, not being thought sufficiently splendid for the other parts of the edifice, was pulled down, and rebuilt with a spire about the year 1240, and solemnly consecrated immediately afterwards.

The prefixed Engraving represents this building from the south-east, before the fire in 1666, from a print by Hollar. The dimensions seem to justify the surprise manifested by contemporaries. The principal measurements were:

Length from east to west	690 feet.
Breadth	130 ..
Height of body of the church	150 ..
Tower, from the ground	260 ..
Wooden spire covered with lead	274 ..

but, as in the two hundred and sixty feet, the height of the battlements which rose above the base of the wooden spire was included, the whole elevation did not exceed five hundred and twenty feet. This cathedral was, until the erection of St. Peter's, at Rome, *the largest church in the Christian world*. The spire was the first built in England, and the loftiest in Europe: it was one hundred and sixteen feet higher than the spire of Salisbury cathedral; sixty-four feet loftier than that of Vienna; fifty feet higher than that of Strasburg; and surpassing the height of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Old St. Paul's spire was, moreover, the height of the Monument placed upon the cross of the present cathedral.

The ground plan of the cathedral assumed the form of the Latin cross, *i.e.*, the transepts were much shorter than the nave and choir: the interior was divided by two ranges of clustered columns throughout the church; each aisle was about two-fifths the width of the nave. Above the aisles was a triforium, (open-arched gallery) and a clere-story. In the naves the same circular arch prevailed, excepting in the clere-story; the ceiling was simply groined, and the windows mostly plain; in the choir, however, which was in the pointed style, the columns were light and slender, and the openings of the triforia and the windows were adorned with tracery. The choir was approached from the nave by a flight of twelve steps, and was separated from it by a richly ornamented screen, with canopied doorways leading to the aisles: the eastern end presented a rose-window of great size and beauty, and the floor of the church was mostly of marble. From the great length of the cathedral, its appearance must have been exceedingly imposing: the chroniclers are lavish in their praises of it; but, with the exception of the choir—with its flying buttresses, pinnacles ornamented by crockets and finials, perforated battlements, and a series of eleven windows on each side in the clere-story, and ten below,—it appears to have been devoid of the usual beauties of the English cathedrals.

At one time, on special saints' days, it was customary for the choristers to ascend the spire to a great height, and thence to chant solemn prayers and anthems: the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when it is recorded, that "after even-song the quere of Pauls began to go about the steeple singing with lightes after the olde custome." Centuries ago, the origin of this proceeding could not be traced. A similar custom is observed to this day at Oxford, where, on the *morning* of the 1st of May, at five o'clock, the choristers ascend the tower of Magdalen College, and execute certain pieces of

* Godwin's "Churches of London," p. 4.

choir music; for which harmonious service the rector of Slynbridge, in Gloucestershire, pays the yearly sum of £10. Previously to the Reformation, a mass was performed on the above day and hour, on the top of Magdalen tower, for the repose of the soul of Henry VII., who had honoured the College with a visit in 1488; and the custom at Old St. Paul's spire may have had a similar origin. Camden describes another custom peculiar to Old St. Paul's, and of which he was an eye-witness. On the anniversary of the conversion of St. Paul, January 25th, held in the cathedral, a fat buck was received with great formality at the entrance of the choir, by the canons in their sacerdotal vestments, and with chaplets of flowers on their heads; whilst the antlers of the buck were carried on a pike in procession round the church, with horns blowing, &c. On the buck being offered at the high altar, one shilling was paid by the dean and chapter as a fee to the keepers who brought it; and thus concluded the ceremony. This custom originated in the reign of Edward I., by grant from Sir William le Baud, in 1274.

The *Curiosities* of Old Saint Paul's are too numerous for detail, so that we can only glance at a few of them. On the north side of the church, was a great cloister surrounding Pardon church-yard, on the walls of which was curiously painted the Dance of Death. In this cloister, were buried many persons of note, and the monuments erected to their memory were superior in beauty to any within the church. On the south side of the cathedral, within the space enclosed by a cloister, was a chapter-house in the pointed style, perhaps the only instance in England, of a chapter-house in this situation; it being elsewhere on the outside of the enclosure by the cloisters. Near the east end stood *Paul's or Powly's Cross*, said to occupy the site of a stone cross, erected there in 870, to induce the passers-by to offer prayers for certain monks slain by the Danes. St. Paul's cross consisted of some stone steps, on which was placed a wooden pulpit covered with lead, whence sermons were preached to the people every Sunday morning. From this place also the anathema of the Pope was thundered forth; heresies were recanted, and sins atoned for; and it was here that, in 1483, Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand, and arrayed in her "kertell onelye," was exposed to open penance. This cross was taken down in 1643. At the eastern extremity of the churchyard, stood a *clochier*, or bell-tower; a square building of stone, containing four bells, and surmounted by a timber spire. The citizens of London held folk-motes in this portion of the yard, and the bells were used to summon the people: they were ultimately pulled down by one Sir Miles Partridge, who won them from Henry VIII., by a cast of the dice. These bells belonged more especially to Jesus' chapel, which formed a part of the parish church of *St. Fides in Cryptis*; commonly called St. Faith under St. Paul's, from being so situated. This church being demolished about 1256, to enlarge the cathedral, part of the crypt, under the choir, was granted to the parishioners, and there divine service was performed until the Great Fire. Hence the story of there being a church under St. Paul's, and service in it once a year, in our time. The parish of St. Faith is now united to St. Austin's, Watling street.

In 1314, the cross surmounting the steeple of the cathedral fell, and the steeple of wood, covered with lead, being ruinous, was taken down, and reconstructed with a new gilt ball, in which were deposited relics as preservatives. But, in 1444, it was fired by lightning, and nearly destroyed; and it was not restored until 1462; at which time, by the way, carpenters were paid fourpence, five-pence, and sixpence, per day wages. In 1561, shortly after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, part of the cathe-

dral was again destroyed, it is stated, (in a black letter tract of the time,) by lightning; when the Queen set afoot a subscription for its restoration, by contributing 1,000 golden marks, and 1,000 loads of timber, to be cut from the royal forests. The citizens subscribed £3,247. 16s. 2d., and the clergy most liberally; so that by 1566, the roofs were finished and covered with lead; but the spire was never rebuilt, although many models were made, and much money collected for the purpose. Hence, our Engraving shows the cathedral before the fire of 1561, or upwards of a century previous to its final destruction.

The scandalous desecration of the cathedral is much complained of by contemporaries: bell-ringers allowed persons, for a certain fee, to ascend the tower, and halloo and throw stones at the passengers beneath; dunghills were suffered to accumulate *within the church*, and drunkards and vagabonds slept at all hours on the benches at the choir-door; men walked about the church with their hats on their heads, and butchers and water-carriers made it a common thoroughfare. Outside, about twenty houses were built against the church, and one of them used as a theatre; the owner of another house had contrived a way through one of the windows into the steeple, which he used as a ware-room; while a third baked bread and pies in an oven formed within one of the buttresses. Accordingly, the whole pile became dilapidated; and in 1628, the requisite repairs were estimated at £22,536. 2s. 3d. No money could be raised; and thus the cathedral remained until 1621, when King James, after much solicitation, visited it, and appointed commissioners, with Inigo Jones, the surveyor of His Majesty's works, at their head, to devise means for the reparation of the structure. A subscription was also opened, but no great progress made until early in the reign of Charles I., when Laud, then Bishop of London, collected £5,416, and in 1633, commenced the repairs, with Inigo Jones as architect; and the sum ultimately collected amounted to £101,330. Jones's additions were in the classic style, and but ill accorded with the old building. At the west end, however, he erected a spacious and well-proportioned Corinthian portico of eight columns, with a balustrade, in panels, around the top, ornamented with statues.* The repairs and alterations were carried on about nine years, and about one-third of the money expended, when in 1642, the works were stopped by the contests between Charles and his people. The balance of the funds in hand was seized to pay the soldiers of the Commonwealth; tombs were desecrated, saw-pits dug in some parts of the church, and others made barracks for the troopers. In this state, the cathedral remained until shortly after the restoration, when nearly £4,000 was raised for the repairs; and under Sir John Denham, as surveyor, some parts of the building were rendered fit for occupation. About this time, "that miracle of a youth," Dr. Christopher Wren, as assistant surveyor-general, made plans for its repair, which were never executed. "On the 3rd of September, 1666, began that appalling conflagration proverbially known as *THE FIRE OF LONDON*, which destroyed nearly the whole of the city, and with it so much of that which remained of the cathedral as to render repair useless. An eye-witness, describing the appearance presented by London during this, at the time, direful calamity, says, 'all the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light was seen above forty miles for many nights. God

* This portico, described by Evelyn as "comparable with any in Europe," with the other portions of the west end of the cathedral, showing the tower, after the removal of the spire, is engraved as one of the illustrations to Mr. Ainsworth's spirited tale of *Old Saint Paul's*, vol. ii. p. 94.

grant that mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that, at the last, one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on; which they did near *two miles in length and one in breadth*.* It has been calculated that thirteen thousand houses were at that time consumed, with eighty-seven parish churches, three of the chief gates, and fifty-two companies' halls; in fact nearly all the principal buildings within the city. The space covered by the ruins equalled four hundred and thirty-six acres, and the total amount of damage was computed at £10,730,500.† The cathedral itself was a heap of ruins, and in the church of St. Faith (the crypt of the cathedral) books to the amount of £150,000, which had been placed there for safety by the stationers of Paternoster Row, were entirely destroyed."

Here it may be interesting to chronicle some few of the events that occurred within the walls of Old St. Paul's.

A. D. 1213. King John signed an acknowledgment of the Pope's supremacy, and resigned his kingdom.

1377. Wickliffe being cited, defended his doctrines here.

1461. Edward visited the cathedral, after his coronation, "in honour of God;" when, says Stow, "an angel came down and censured him."

1471. The dead body of Henry VI. exposed here.

1483. Henry VII. deposited three banners from the battle of Bosworth.

1514. Richard Hunn hung in a tower at the south-west corner of the church, for heresy, with a Wickliffe's bible about his neck.

1522. Whitsunday. Wolsey performed mass before Henry VIII.

1547. Images of Saints pulled down.

1542. Nov. 1. New Book of Common Prayer first used here.

1569. The first recorded lottery in England drawn at the west door of the church: 40,000 chances, at 10s. each, and prizes of plate.

Dugdale states the cathedral to have covered 3½ acres, 1½ rood, and 6 perches. The interior was laid out in walks, as in the Exchange: "the south alley for usurye and poperye; the north for simony and the horse-fair; in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, conspiracies, &c." The nave is called *Paul's Walk* in old plays. In the church were several shrines, upon which gold, silver, and precious stones, were lavished to an amazing amount: the shrine of St. Erkenwald was once celebrated; but the high altar, with its shrine, excelled all others in its costly vessels and furniture, metal images, enamels, &c. Here were monuments to the good Duke Humphrey, Sir John Beauchamp, of the house of Warwick; Dean Colet, Sir N. Bacon, Sir P. Sidney, Sir F. Walsingham, Dr. Donne, and Vandyke, the painter. The wall encompassing the church extended from Ave-Maria-lane, along Paternoster-row, to the end of Old Change; then to Carter-lane, Creed-lane, and Ludgate-street, on the west. In the cathedral wall were six gate-houses, the principal of which stood in Ludgate-street, near the end of Creed-lane, opening upon the western front of the church; the second was in Paternoster-row, at St. Paul's alley; the third at Canon alley; the fourth (the little gate) was an entrance from Cheapside; the fifth, or St. Austin's gate, led from Watling-street;

and the sixth gate-house fronted the southern porch of the church, near Paul's Chain.

After the Fire, Wren removed some of the walls of the old cathedral, which were of great thickness, by gunpowder; but most he levelled with the battering-ram: some of the stone was used to build parish churches, and some to pave the neighbouring streets!—and thus was prepared the site for the present magnificent cathedral.

The interest of its once celebrated predecessor has lately been, as it were, resuscitated in Mr. Ainsworth's powerfully wrought *Old Saint Paul's: a Tale of the Plague and the Fire*; the majority of the scenes being laid in and about the ancient cathedral. It was our intention to have interwoven two or three of Mr. Ainsworth's vividly descriptive sketches with the veritable history of the building; but the extent of the present paper compels us to defer, though reluctantly, such quotation until our next Journal. Meanwhile, we commend the entire work to such of our readers as have leisure to enjoy, by their firesides, a cleverly-framed narrative, peopled with well-drawn personages, moving in actual localities, with the valuable accessories of the precise habits of the period, and participation in two of the most important events in our domestic history—"the Plague and the Fire of London."

HOMŒOPATHIC ABSURDITIES.

MR. A. WALKER, in his new work on Pathology, gives (in two quotations) an amusing summary of the absurdity of the Homœopaths, from which the following is an extract:

"Simpson, &c., and the leading Homœopaths of this city, speak of the decided effects of the *decillionth* dilution; and the correct dilution to be obtained here of medicines prepared in Germany is the *third*, which is nearly in the proportion of one drop of the tincture to one barrel of alcohol, or one grain of the extract to 400 weight of sugar. Simpson, the most judicious writer on Homœopathy, states that his favourite dilutions are the 3rd, 6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, though he often uses the 30th.

× 100 = 10,000 drops, or one pound—2d dilution.

100 = 100,000,000, a hundred barrels—4th ditto.

100 = 10,000,000,000, ten thousand ditto—5th ditto.

100 = 1,000,000,000,000, one million barrels—6th ditto.

100 = 100,000,000,000,000, one hundred thousand million barrels—8th ditto.

So that by the time we reach the 30th dilution it would form a mass of alcohol larger than the whole solar system! One drop of the tincture, diffused through all the waters of the Atlantic, would be a stronger solution than the 8th!

"Such are the doses recommended in Homœopathic writings! vide New York Journal of Medicine.

2. "The dose of opium recommended by Hahnemann is two *decillionth parts* of a grain. Now the diameter of the earth is about 8000 miles. The population of the world is about 800,000,000. A Homœopathic dose of medicine amounts to two decillionth parts of a grain. From one grain of opium divide an atomic particle, which shall bear the same proportion to a whole grain that a sphere a thousandth part of an inch in diameter bears to our globe; divide the particle among the whole population of the world; cause each person to swallow a homœopathic dose *every second*, and it would require 20,000,000 of years for them to swallow the particle described. Hahnemann says he has seen a drop of nux vomica at the decillionth degree produce exactly half the effect of another at the quintillionth degree: and then he adds, 'If the patient is very sensitive, it will be sufficient to smell a phial that con-

* Evelyn, "Diary," Vol. I. p. 393.

† Stow's "Survey," by Strype. B. i. p. 226.

tains one of these globules. [It should be explained that the drug is made up into globules with sugar.] After the patient has smelled to it, the phial is to be corked up for future use."

By the third calculation, made on the prescription of giving a *trillionth of a grain of capsicum in a drop of spirits of wine*, it is proved that it would require above 32,600 pyramids (like the great pyramid) to contain spirits of wine sufficient to dilute one grain of capsicum!!

TO A LADY.

ON PRESENTING HER WITH THE *BJOU ALMANACK*, FOR 1842.

ERE the Old year has faded from our view,
I deemed some little token requisite;
While Love and Hope were welcoming the New,
To note with golden hands Time's wayward flight.
And wouldst thou sigh for richer gifts than these,
The silken cords that form Affection's chain?
The sparkling gem, the jewelled ring, but please
The soulless eye, and give the wearer pain.
This is a tribute Friendship pays to thee;
A simple flower in Memory's gay parterre,
Which thou wilt cherish fervently for me,
That, withering, it may leave some fragrance there;
For ere another year, its page may be
The chronicle of bright affections fled;
May bear some sad remembrance of me
To friends, like thee, who mourn a fond one dead.
And should thy future be enshrined with bliss,
Or Time and Sorrow mighty changes make,
Then deign one look at trifles such as this,
And, gazing, prize them for the giver's sake.

December 31, 1841.

G. T. THOMASON.

JANUARY IN LONDON.

THE following lively sketch, though written nearly twenty years since, has lost none of its raciness or pleasant humour:—

To see January in its metropolitan glory, you should go to Hyde Park and contemplate the scene on the Serpentine River and its banks. The congealed surface of the former is covered with expert skaters, darting past you as if their heels were winged, or else, with a grace beyond dancing, cutting lines of meandering complication on a foot or two of ice; while, on the banks, London has poured out its beauties, looking as lovely in their furred raiment as they did in the more flowing attire of summer. This is the only pursuit of modern times where, as in the tournaments and triumphs of old, the men derive strength, and are inspired in their emulation by the consciousness that they are looked at and judged by the fair. Here only it is that

"Bright eyes
"Rain influence, and judge the prize:"

for the other gymnastics, as horsemanship, hunting, shooting, &c., are practised generally apart from female society; and in dancing, women are themselves the chief performers. Nothing, indeed, can surpass the attraction of the Serpentine River on a fine frosty day in this month. The multitude look merry in defiance of the freezing winds, for sport and exercise are there, and beauty, smiling approbation. But, alas! the pleasure is but transitory; for there comes an untimely thaw, and the ice which has escaped the confectioners' carts melts into water again; and the skates and the skaters are gone, and have left no mark behind to show where they figured away their brief hour; the ladies have disappeared, each to shine in her separate

and concealed sphere; nobody who can help it ventures out into the soaking *slush* of the streets; and the snow, "concluding in a moist relentment," has a second fall, and instead of coming down like feathers, drops in flat and flattening flakes from the reckless shovels of the scavengers of house-tops; while the peripatetics, who heedlessly keep to the wall, are very likely to be awakened to a sense of their danger by a huge conglomeration of snow, ice, and something not water, and yet as wet, which strikes with a momentary report the pavement close by them; sometimes, indeed, a portion of it will descend upon the passer-by, crushing his hat over his eyes, and when this predestined pedestrian ventures to remonstrate with the housekeeper on his failing to give the warning shout, down falls shovel-full the second, which prostrates the gentleman who came up to inquire about the matter in dispute; hereupon the original unfortunate, seeing that hard words are not so hard as ice, even when softening, walks off, at once warm and cool, muttering the utmost penalty of the law; and, arriving at his own house, sees his friend Williams knocked down by his own footman, whom he had himself set to work on the same snow-showering business; his revenge now dies as he dries, and he consoles himself with the reflection that these are accidents which "all flesh is heir to" in January and London.

APSLEY HOUSE.

(From the *John Bull*, Jan. 8, 1842.)

THERE is no nation in the world, of which the nobles and wealthier gentry inhabit mansions, both in town and country, within and around which all the elements of substantial comfort, and useful elegance, and true taste, more perfectly abound, than in England. In foreign countries you may find palaces, of which the exteriors offer far more elaborate ornament—and this remark applies especially to the Italian capitals, where, by the bye, such palaces are falling fast into decay. But in point of solid convenience—not unmixcd, here and there, with exquisite specimens of architectural skill—commend us to the town and country houses of our own aristocracy. A bare enumeration of the more distinguished of the former of these, would recal to the remembrance of our London readers, visions of surpassing grandeur. But, as we write for the benefit of that larger circle of our friends, to whom the scenes of fashionable life may not be quite so familiar, we think it best to treat this most interesting subject in detail.

The first mansion of note and character which attracts the attention of the stranger, who may begin his survey of London from the West, is Apsley House—the town residence of him whom all England, and indeed, the civilized world, delights to honour—the greatest man of his age—the most illustrious name in English history. Planted upon the edge of Hyde Park, so as to connect itself, in some sort, with the triumphal arch by which the Park is entered, Apsley House bears testimony, both within and without, to the admirable taste, as well as the sound architectural judgment, of its illustrious owner. For, unless our memory be at fault, the Duke of Wellington may fairly lay claim to the distinction of having, to a great extent, planned his own noble palace; and the matchless comfort that prevails within, not less than the classic elegance which distinguishes the exterior of the pile, prove that had not fortune made him a great commander and a great statesman, he might have become, with very little study, a great architect.

Apsley House is separated from Piccadilly by a range of lofty bronze gates, which rest upon pillars of fine stone,

of the simplest Corinthian order. These gates—three in number, though the outer one is seldom, we believe, opened—are all solid—the fluted pillars, or bars of each, being embayed in a shield of metal, and ending in chapters of curious workmanship, such as give to the whole an air both of solidity and lightness. Towards the park there is a plain iron railing, within which a hedge of evergreens is planted; while from Hyde Park gardens the Duke's little domain is separated by an unostentatious wooden fence. Thus the princely palace stands completely embedded within its own enclosure; inasmuch, that, except by the few persons who may linger among the shrubberies that skirt the lawn in the rear, nothing of what passes in or around the mansion can, without a rude effort, be observed.

Having rung the bell, and had one of the gates rolled back by a fine hale old soldier, whom his Grace has promoted to the situation of porter, you enter a narrow court-yard, paved, not with flags, but with common paving stones. You obtain, at the same time, a perfect view of the whole front of the mansion—the simple elegance of which agrees well with your ideas of the habits and character of its owner. Opposite to you is the main entrance—a fine door-way, surmounted by a plain, but broad screen, which rests upon arches, and is itself the foundation from which the elegant portico, that is visible from Piccadilly, springs. The latter is of the Doric order, or rather, of that composite style which unites the simplicity of the Doric with the lightness of the Ionic. You approach the great door by a flight of broad and low steps, and passing under the portal, find yourself in a hall, of which you are not tempted to say more than that it is extremely comfortable—being square, not over large, and carpeted over its marble flooring. To the right of this again, is the waiting-room—a commodious enough apartment, yet perfectly plain—from which, as well as by passing through a swing door in front, you are introduced into the suite of rooms that occupy the rest of the ground floor.

The rooms in question are not more than three in number. That in the centre is usually occupied by his Grace's private secretary. That on the right, is the Duke's own room; that on the left, the state dining-room. The Duke's room is, according to his usual practice in such matters, by far the most unpretending of the whole. In point of size, it is, doubtless, larger than his secretary's room; but its principal ornaments are a bookcase at one extremity, and piles of boxes every where else carefully docketed, and made upon a principle of which the Duke is the author. In each of these are stowed away a whole year's worth of letters, as well those received, as copies of all that have been despatched. His table is a large one, which folds up in the middle, and besides the usual garnishing of drawers which belong to things of the sort, is provided with a sliding cover, on drawing down which over his papers, he is enabled, by means of a spring lock, to render all secure in a moment. There are, besides, two or three plain tables in the room, with chairs, sofas, and other pieces of necessary ornament, and over the chimney-piece is a likeness of Napoleon. In other respects, however, all is plain and without pretension. The carpet is, in pattern, the same that you find throughout the house. The window curtains correspond with those in the rooms beyond, and the look-out is upon the lawn behind, where his Grace is accustomed at times to take snatches of exercise. Of course, the Duke's room has its own outlet, as well as a direct communication with that in which his secretary sits; and the good-humoured, yet sharp tone in which the word "Algy" is often heard in the latter, proves that the double doors that divide them are yet pervious to the human voice, when rightly pitched.

In the secretary's room the objects most conspicuous are the china vases, elaborately painted and gilded, which were presented to the Duke at the close of the war, by the late King of Prussia. They are very beautiful things, and are seen to great advantage through the glass cases which occupy one side of this apartment. In other respects, the room is simple enough. Indeed, from its position as well as size, it would appear to have been originally intended as a sort of ante-room, or hall; for there is a communication from it to the dining-room, by which, indeed, as often as the latter is used, the guests make their way to the festive board. A plain library table, an adequate supply of chintz-covered chairs, a proportion of boxes docketed like those in the Duke's sanctum, and green silk hangings, make up the sum of its furniture. Like every other apartment in the house, it is warm and comfortable—its grate is of polished steel, its chimney-piece of fine white marble.

Of the large dining-room, which is never used except on occasions of more than ordinary state, a brief description is all that seems necessary to be given. Like the dining-rooms of our aristocracy in general, it is laid out more for comfort than show. To be sure, the profusion of foreign china—gifts from crowned heads, which, like that in the secretary's room, fills the glazed mahogany cases with which the walls are set around—offers an endless variety of objects that demand and secure attention. But were these removed, the stranger would come only to this conclusion, that the Duke's dining-room was of spacious dimensions, and every way fitted for the exercise of a princely hospitality. We cannot undertake to say what are the precise dimensions of this noble hall, but we do not think that we over-rate its capacity when we say, that eighty persons might dine in it without the smallest crowding or inconvenience.

Having thus taken a survey of the basement story, we pass to the grand staircase, of which we are bound to observe that, in its position rather than in its construction, it exhibits the only glaring error that is observable in the construction of the house. It is quite obscured and hidden at its base. You do not know that you are approaching it till you open a door, either from the waiting-room or the Duke's own room, and then you come suddenly upon it. It resembles, in fact, the shaft of a well—you stand at the bottom, and are surprised to see that a spiral and elegant staircase is twisting over you. Yet there stands Canova's colossal statue of Napoleon—a piece of art which is, we suspect, without a rival in England, and we may venture to add, laying one or two statues aside, unsurpassed throughout the world. What a noble figure it is—how life-like, how well-nigh divine! Had it belonged to the Athenians in days of yore, that imaginative people would have built a temple for its reception, and paid to it the same honours that they paid to Minerva herself. If there were nothing in Apsley House worth seeing except that statue, we advise all who can obtain an order, to procure one—and we think that we can assure them of a very ready admission, provided they solicit the privilege at a proper season—when the Duke is out of town.

We now ascend the light and elegant staircase, by which we are conducted to a corridor, whence, all round the area of the mansion, branch off a suite of rooms, which have scarcely any parallel in London. These, opening one into the other, are the smaller dining-room, the ball-room, the drawing-room, and the picture gallery—all of them furnished with admirable taste, in a manner perfectly uniform, and gilded and ornamented to a degree which dazzles without oppressing the spectator. The drapery in these apartments is all of yellow silk, done up with rich gold tassels. The Brussels carpets are of a small

and tasteful pattern; the couches, chairs, sofas, and ottomans correspond with the hangings, and the walls and ceiling, in spite of their elaborate gilding, are so coloured, as to set off to the greatest advantage the masterpieces of painting which constitute the principal ornament of Apsley House. Nor can we undertake, with the limits that are at our command, to speak of these. You have four or five Murillos, of first-rate value. You have Rubenses, Corregios, a Titian or two, Annibal Carracci, Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, Wouvermans, and, in short, all the great masters of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish schools, mixed up with the most exquisite productions of the pencil, both in France and in England; for, side by side with the most renowned of the olden names, you trace those of our own Sir Joshua, of Lawrence, and of Landseer; while David has contributed more than one gem to this collection, which, though not the largest, is, perhaps, the most faultless that is to be found in any private house in Great Britain. But one circumstance will, we are sure, strike the visitor as not more remarkable than it is in good taste—portraits of Napoleon are multiplied every where; insomuch, that while Emperors of Russia and of Austria, Kings of Prussia, France, and even England, greet you by units, or, at the most, by pairs, you will find yourself confronted, in different parts of the house, by six Napoleons, at the least.

It is not worth while, would our space permit, to describe the less conspicuous portions of this noble mansion. There are suites of rooms every where—one of which used to be occupied by the Marquis of Douro, previous to his marriage, while another is described as Lord Charles's rooms. They are, like the lodging apartments in general, comfortably, but plainly fitted up. Neither have the domestics a right to complain that their convenience has, in any particular, been neglected. But the Duke's own room is here, as it is elsewhere, a mere tent. The bed is the same which he used to occupy when in the field, and all things are plain—we had almost said austere—around it. His Grace prefers, and we think wisely, the German quilt to our English blankets. He sleeps without curtains, and can scarcely, we should think, turn round in his narrow bed. Indeed, we have heard that his language in reference to that matter is, that "when a man thinks of turning, it is time he were up." His habits, too, are all early and temperate—yet does he not try his constitution too much? We wish that he would give that magnificent mind more rest, and eat more frequently than he does.

We must not conclude this hasty notice of Apsley House without alluding to the stables. They are all under ground; and, as the entrance is by a sort of sloping shaft, which opens upon Piccadilly, so is light admitted by means of small barred windows, that are little, if at all, raised above the level of the garden behind.

Finally, we may observe of the general bearing of the mansion, that there is an air of quiet elegance about it, which would satisfy the spectator, were he even ignorant of the name of the owner, that it belonged to no common man. The roof is flat. The windows are of an order to correspond with the Grecian portico that adorns the front. The material of which it is built is the richest Caen stone, and it has retained its hue so well for a quarter of a century, that we see no reason to distrust its continuing to do so, for at least a century to come. Nay, the iron blinds themselves, which the madness of an abused people compelled the Duke to put up, have been, in his hands, rendered, if not ornamental, certainly the reverse of disfiguring. We are told, that when the conversation happens to turn from them, to the events that caused them to be placed where they now hang, the Duke only laughs.

"They shall stay where they are," is his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows. They only did what they were instigated to do, by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think that a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him."

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NO. II.—OUR DRUMMER.

"In truth he was a strange and wayward wight."—BEATTIE.

A MAN of great consequence, in his own estimation, was old Archie Bauld, our village drummer; and to have seen him in his days of glory, arrayed in his spruce velvet knee-breeches; his striped vest of huge dimensions; his snuff-brown coat of a somewhat quaker fashion; his comfortable rig-and-fur stockings; and more particularly, his broad-toed, heavy-soled shoes, ever shining as black as jet, with their brightly burnished brass buckles,—to have seen him in those days, and thus arrayed, was a sight he used to say "worthy a' yer grand cabtains, an' sic like trash."

Archie was a weaver by trade; but how he came to exercise the high calling of drummer, this deponent knoweth not. Howbeit, that he was that veritable official, and performed the important duties of that very responsible station in a creditable and worthy manner, is a fact undoubted; for let but a dog, a poor puppy, be stolen from its lawful possessor, and due intimation thereof be made to Archie, and away went his shuttle to its place of temporary rest, and doffing his apron and worsted cool, on went the venerable coat, and equally venerable hat, and seizing the drum from its corner in "the shop," news of the audacious theft was speedily proclaimed, not to the "tout of trumpet," but to the sound of the drum, in all quarters of the "town." But truth to say, these occasions, (occasions of theft) were but rare; and the staple commodity of Archie's drumming trade, was the intimation of meetings for this thing and that,—the notification, that on such a day "Tam Tamson at the Cross would kill a fine hieland stot, and whae'er wanted ony o't must apply without delay"—and occasionally, warnings given by angry farmers against transgressions on their turnip-fields; and denunciations of woe to all who might be discovered breaking their fences, and committing sundry other depredations to the said farmers' injury and cost.

Ay, it was worth while listening to Archie giving forth these terrible denunciations of wrath. He might be seen coming down the street with a slowly solemn air, surrounded by a group of noisy brawling children, too much engrossed by the sublimity of his thoughts and occupation to notice any one who greeted him as he passed. And when he came to the accustomed spot where he usually sent forth his store of news, he carefully lowered his drum from his back to its proper place; and looking as solemnly as might be on the quickly gathering group of those who had seen him coming, he beat such a round as only he could beat—gave a moment's pause—repeated his round—a pause, and a grand flourish at the end. It was a happy moment to him when thus employed, to see each eager villager hastening to listen to his oratory. The last sound of the drum having subsided into silence, then were the ears of the listeners gratified by the important intelligence—whatever that might be—invariably ending with the

admonition "and so let none pretend ignorance!" With what majestic eloquence was this last sentence uttered! It was the crowning glory of his speech.

Archie was reputed something of a wit among his cronies; and although the staid solemnity of his manner apparently belied this reputation, the roguish twinkle of his light grey eyes gave pretty good indication of his humorous propensities.

"When drink is in, wit is out," says the proverb, but very differently said Archie Bauld. Of all fallacious sayings that are abroad in the world, he held that this was the most fallacious. "Drink ne'er drowns wit, it only brightens it," he said, and in proof of his assertion he pointed triumphantly to his own individual self—a veritable living testimony of its truth; for was it not on these occasions when the glass went freely round, and the "unco jokes" and "couthy cracks" were rife and plenty, that he was "wont to set the table in a roar" by the force of his own native wit? Verily, it was on these occasions he earned the reputation of being a right good glorious fellow; and when one "dronthy crony" after another felt his speech failing in the delivery, and the few ideas that had ever found their way into his pate becoming more and more confused and indistinct, even then did Archie's wit grow brighter and brighter, until the laughter his jokes elicited from his falling companions left him alone,—the conqueror of the field. Of these mighty "sayings and doings" I make no record,—suffice it to say, that the occasions when he quaffed libations to the "rosy god" were neither few nor far between, and there were not wanting some who said, that like Tam o'Shanter and his well-loved Souter Johnny, he often

—"had been fou for weeks thegither;"

but whether this indictment was founded in fact, or, on the contrary, was but a wicked and malicious invention of Archie's enemies, it suits not my present purpose to inquire.

A great man was Archie at all our village processions—at least at those where there was no regular band—and he beat his drum most lustily, to the admiration of all the junior portion of the community. His greatest display, however, was on the occasion of the boys' annual procession, when they parade the streets of Killstane, and visit the houses of the neighbouring gentry, who generally give donations to defray its expense. On these occasions he appeared in all his glory—looked up to as a genius of high standing—as a somebody to be envied—and was, in short, the most illustrious personage there. It was true he had always a fifer for his companion, but then, on the principle of those being the greatest men who make the most noise in the world, Archie was decidedly the superior; for he could, and invariably did, drown the shrill sound of the fife by the more sonorous noise of the drum. It happened on one of these occasions, that after parading the streets for awhile, the procession proceeded to the "Ledy's House"—Archie as usual giving due intimation of their approach by the loudness of his drumming. The dwelling that received the appellation of the "Ledy's House" was that of a rich widow and her three unmarried though marriageable daughters; and as they were ranked among the gentry class, to their dwelling invariably did the procession go.

Well, as I have said, Archie gave pretty loud intimation of their approach, and as the gate at the avenue was open, full briskly did the youths proceed toward the house. Scarcely had they arrived at that stately dwelling, however, when the horses in the lady's carriage, which stood ready waiting at the door, began to prick up their ears and grow exceedingly restive. One of the young ladies was about

stepping into it, when Archie's undaunted drumming so frightened the horses that it was with difficulty they could be managed; but notwithstanding, Archie drummed on, seemingly indifferent to the inconvenience he was creating. Fairly provoked, the lady rushed on Archie with uplifted parasol—threatening—commanding, and screaming—but all to no intent. On went Archie with his drumming, seemingly quite engrossed with his pleasing pursuit—but I must allow him to relate the matter in his own words.

"I saw the ledy was in a tantrum," said he, "and wanted to see what she wad dae if I drummed on. She was na a wee angry, but I didna fash mysel about that, sae no seeming to ken she was speaking to me, I jist drummed on, looking in her face wi' the air o' a perfect innocent; which sae enraged the stormy lass that she struck me clean owre the face wi' her bit sun-umbrella. Preserve us, quoth I, the drum 'ill no gie ony louder sound—but I'll try and please yer ledyship—and then I gied her a round o' as bonny sounds as ye could wish to hear; but losh, she was wae! and stamped and raged like a very vixen, while I drowned a' her clatter wi' the sounds o' my bonny drum. Then up she got her sun-umbrella again, and rushed upon me white with rage—but I stept back a wee—still drumming on, and she after me like a haro—and when I got her fairly into a chase I had muckle ado to keep ahead o' her. The fifer body got frightened, and rin awa, but when the laddies saw the ledy rinnin after me in sic a gait, they set up a laugh that made my heart glad—and rinnin as fast as their legs could carry them, they soon surrounded my ledy and me;—but wae's me, she was mad! She slunk back to the house, red wi' rage and shame." O Archie, Archie! thou hast been a wicked wag in thy day.

In his more youthful days, Archie was wont to boast that he was somewhat of a favourite with the fair sex; and were we to credit him, we might believe, that on more than one occasion his heart was laid regular siege to by several of those fair enslavers; but as he sagely remarked, "they micht hae spared themselves the fash, for it would be gae and queer if they could catch a maukin sleeping wi' its een shut, but queerer still if they could noose him." No; Archie was a bachelor by natural inclination, and a bachelor he remained; but in his more merry moods he was wont to tell with great glee the following history of one of these "love passages."

"As douce and canny a body as ever leaved was Leezy Lawson o' the Vennel; and ye micht gang far and fare waur than in her snug housie; for although Leezy was a widow, her 'lamented guidman' had left quite enough to keep her comfortable, and she didna fail to provide plenty o' the drappie to sich friends as micht drap in of an evening, to spend an hour or twa, and gie her their cracks. Weel, it may hae been twa or three years after Jamie Lawson's death, that Leezy thoct she micht dae waur than get spiced a second time, to some bit canny body like hersel; and troth to say, wi' a snug house as her ain property, and thirty pounds a year besides, she had guid reason to expect wooers in plenty. But Leezy had her likings,—and this ane didna please her because he was owre throughlither among the lassies—and the ither, because he couldna thole her 'bonny black cat;' in fact she was ill to please, and wanted some simple body that she could manage as weel as she had dune her 'darling Jamie.' Weel, as I am a sinner! if the auld body didna pitch upon me for her dearie. Jist think o' that! and she was na lang in letting me ken that sich was her desire; not that she tellt me that in plain words—for your woman-folk mak an unco' palaver about a' things—but she aften used to remark about the laneliness o' her situation, and how happy it would be to hae a guidman coming in at the

gloamin to his dish o' tea—and many wonderments that I didna tak a wife, and sich like discourse. Losh, but I was tickled wi' her conceit! although it was a rich treat to see her smiling sae kindly on me when I stepped in of an evening; for how smartly she wiped the arm-chair for me before I sat down; how quickly she brocht out the whisky bottle; and how readily she got the water to boil! Weel, it was a gae sensible sort o' a trick that same toddy-making, and weel did Leezy ken its social power ower man; but she little suspected while making hersel sae happy wi' the streams of toddy, that the brewer liked the toddy a hantel better than he liked hersel. But let that pass. I had gotten a special invite frae Leezy to gang ower and tak my tea wi' her, and suspecting what it was a' for, I was determined on haeing some fun. As usual she welcomed me wi' a' her smiles, and had trigged hersel out sae brawly, and looked sae smart and bonny, as nearly to dumbfounder me. Naeboddy else was there, and sae I rightly surmised that the considerate woman had afforded this grand opportunity for me to mak my vows; but, my faith! the only vow I made was, that she should soon find hersel mistaen. She began to pour out the tea into her best cheena cups, saying wi' a sort o' plaintive voice, 'O Archie, man, but I was rale ill yestreen! It's a fact, that my een neer gaed thegither a' the blessed nicht.'

"It's a great mercy that, Leezy!" said I, with a profound sigh.

"It's a what?" screamed she in amazement.

"A great mercy, Leezy! and ye should be unco' thankful' for it; for do ye see, if yer een had gaed thegither, what wad hae been the use o' yer nose?"

"Down went the tea-pot frae her hand splash among her 'best cheena,' making fearfu' devastation; and it was aye of the richest sights I ever saw, to see the douce canny body glowrin wi' een like goggles—perfectly amazed—but mair sae, when I stuffed her 'bonny black cat' into my coat pouch, and wishing her a very guid nicht, left her house wi' the brute screeching maist horribly. I sent black Tam hame next morning, painted pure white, a' except the tail, that was painted a flaming red colour; and the week after that, douce honest Leezy got married to Jock Parley, the baker; but she ne'er forgave my speech, the auld fule, and I got nae mair invites to gang and hae a cup o' tea wi' her."

There had been rather an extraordinary dearth of public intimations, and not having at the time much employment at his loom, Archie was one day ruminating on the altered state of things,—sadly at a loss how he might keep up his wonted station, and at the same time indulge himself in those customary potations at the Cross Keys, which he had daily enjoyed for so many long years,—I say, he was indulging in mournful ruminations at the near prospect of being obliged to curtail his expenditure at the Cross Keys, when the ostler of that establishment disturbed his meditations by informing him, that with all possible speed he was to take his drum, and proclaim to all whom it might concern, that at five o'clock of that day a gentleman from Glasgow would be at the Cross Keys, to receive applications for sewing and embroidering muslin. Gladly did Archie sally forth on this important business, the more so from having received from his ostler friend, what he considered "a rale hansome allowance," and he thought the Glasgow gentleman must indeed be "a man of muckle money." Besides, his news seemed to tell of reviving trade, and that was something encouraging, not only to himself, but also to many others; and consequently, when he finished his several intimations, ending as usual with the admonition "and so let none pretend ignorance," his auditors were quite delighted; for the very work which the gentleman advertised, was that in which our maidens

peculiarly excelled; and trade having been lately in a depressed state, they necessarily hailed the drummer's intimation with a deal of pleasure. Accordingly when five o'clock arrived, the kitchen and lobby of the Cross Keys were literally crowded by female applicants—all demanding an audience of the gentleman. Matters rested thus for a minute or so, and those on the outside could hear the sounds of an altercation within, seemingly carried on with great vigour by old Tom the landlord, who was bawling himself hoarse—but what about the outsiders knew not. Those within wanted out, those who were outside wanted in, and so between the two there was a crushing and a crowding, never seen before nor since in the lobby of the Cross Keys. It was rare fun, at least so thought some mischievous lads who were spectators of it; and who raised such a hearty and long-continued peal of laughter, as absolutely to astound some who were striving for admittance. More and more astounded was honest Tom—not at the laughter, but at the continued influx of blithesome, bonny lasses, who, in spite of his bawling, persisted in crowding his already crowded kitchen. "Bless my heart!" he cried, "what in the deil's name do ye want here? Hae I no tell'd ye till I'm hoarse, that there's naeboddy here that wants ye?—Ye senseless tawpies, what are ye glowrin at? Faith, I'll thrash some scauding water ower ye, gin ye'll no mak a clear house. There's nae gentleman here, nor has na been the day."

It was in vain they told him of the drummer's intimation; the only reply was, "he had tell'd them already there was nae such body, and gin they didna tramp out o' his house, he wad soon mak quick wark o't."

The crowd now disappeared with as much rapidity as it had congregated, but whether the threat of the "scauding water," or the palpable fact that it was all a trick of some evil-disposed person, that tended to this speedy disappearance, I pretend not to say; but certain it is, that when those bonny lasses took to their heels, the mischievous lads before mentioned followed them with their laughter, until they were fairly within their own habitations. It was a joke for many a day afterwards, and those who were exposed to its ridicule vowed ample vengeance on the perpetrators; for well were they assured that "it was all a trick o' Archie Bauld's, and that harum-scarum laddie, Will Roger, wha would never rest till he danced on the gallows rope." So said they, but what their revenge was, or whether Will accomplished his fate in the very accomplished manner they foreboded, is not my purpose now to tell.

Of Archie's doings I have little more to relate. Times altered sadly with him; so much so, that I rather suspect he regretted in no small measure having been so saucy with Leezy Lawson and her "wardly guid's an' gear;" but be this as it may, one thing is pretty certain, that as trade became more uncertain and depressed, he lost his comparatively comfortable position, and became more and more addicted to the bottle. At length, the venerable brown coat became virtually "a coat of many colours;" and the well-worn hat that had seen so many years of service became shattered and dilapidated, but not more so than Archie himself; for soon the merry drummer who had been the soul and wit of many a convivial party, sunk into the mean character of an habitual drunkard, the butt of many a rustie jest.

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.— DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGINALS.

MESSRS. SMITH, of Lisle street, have recently had the good fortune to discover in the country a duplicate set of the pictures of the *Marriage à-la-Mode*, by Hogarth;

which appear to have escaped the researches of all the writers on his works. They are evidently the finished sketches from which he afterwards painted the pictures now in the National Gallery, which are much more highly wrought. The backgrounds of these pictures are very much subdued, which gives a greater importance to the figures. They are now the property of H. R. Willett, esq., of Merly House, Dorsetshire, who has added them to his already rich collection of Hogarth's works, enumerated by Nichols.

These pictures of the *Marriage à-la-Mode* are painted in an exceedingly free and sketchy manner; and are considered by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to have been most probably painted at the same time as the four pictures of the Election, now in the Soanean Museum, the execution of which they very much resemble. There is a considerable number of variations between these and the National Gallery pictures; and of these differences, the following are the most striking.

"No. 1.—The building in progress, seen through the window on the right, has scarcely any scaffolding; only the back of the carriage entering the coach-house is seen; while in the National Gallery picture, the whole of it, as well as the coachman, may be distinguished. There are no blocks of stone lying in front of the building; and only five figures are before it, while in the finished picture there are seven. The footstool, on which the old peer rests his gouty foot, has no coronet upon it, and there are no leaves upon the genealogical tree. No letters appear on the deeds, marriage settlements, &c. The reflection of the young nobleman is not seen in the looking-glass, and there is no china jar under the table near him. The walls are quite plain, and the ceiling is not decorated with the picture of the destruction of Pharaoh's host.

"No. 2.—The screen and chimney-piece are plain. The curiosities on the mantel-shelf are different; there are no figures on the dial of the clock, and there is considerable variation in the picture of the angel playing on the bagpipes, over the mantel-shelf. The head of the lady is younger; it has a much more refined and beautiful expression than that in the National Gallery, and is one of the finest heads Hogarth ever painted. On the table near her is a jewel-case, instead of a plate with slices of bread on it. The pictures of the Apostles in the background are totally different. The ceiling has no ornaments or medallions; the chairs are not embroidered; and that one, the back of which, in the National Gallery, appears to be close to and burned by the flame of the candle, has in this picture the front towards the candle. There are no musical characters on the open music book on the floor; nor any letters on the ledger, or bills, &c., the old steward holds in his hand.

"No. 3.—There are no jars or drawers in the case on the left-hand side of the picture near the quack, nor any wreaths of flowers below the cornice above it. The pictures near the quack are different. The buildings seen through the window are totally different, as is also the window itself, there being no pillars on each side of it, as in the National Gallery picture. The letters F. C. (Fanny Cock) are not on the enraged woman's bosom. The girl's face has not the same expression, and she has not so much hair hanging down her back. The title-page of the book is quite plain, instead of having large letters on it; the alembics, &c., in the background on the right are different.

"No. 4.—There are no cards or notes on the ground at the feet of Farinelli, who has no ring on his left hand. Mrs. Fox Lane's foot is not seen; the masquerade ticket the lawyer holds in his hand is quite plain. There are no letters on the catalogue, but the pot near the basket has "Lot" roughly written upon it. The figures on the screen are not the same; the one on the extreme right appears to be an Armenian smoking a pipe, instead of a figure of Punch.

"No. 5.—There is no appearance of letters on the paper afterwards lettered "The Ragguo." The bed clothes are not the same, and the cornice is not ornamented. The legs of the figure in the tapestry do not appear under the female's portrait;

and a portion of the tapestry over the window is not torn and falling, as in the National Gallery picture. The figures in the tapestry have very different expressions. The light thrown on the ceiling by the watchman's lanthorn is different, and the man in front of him has a plain dress on, instead of a striped one, and there is no bowl on the chair near him. The head of St. Luke in the picture over the door has a large beard; the bull's head is in profile, and partially concealed by the saint's drapery.

"No. 6.—No shadow appears on the foreground on the left. In the picture over the door the characters of the two figures are entirely different; they have wigs instead of caps, and the further one has no pot in his hand. There are no letters on the last dying speech on the floor, on which the gallows only can be distinguished, and the word "laudanum" is not on the label of the bottle. The "Almanack" on the wall appears to be merely a plain piece of paper. The nurse has not any tears on her face. The clock has no figures on the dial plate, nor are there any vacant pegs on the wall. The pipe and tobacco box are not introduced in the window. This picture, though painted with infinite spirit, is much less finished than any of the preceding."

We have been gratified with an inspection of these pictures, as well as with the judgment of the writer of the preceding quotation from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pointing out the main differences; and duly estimating the attractiveness of the "Hogarth's" at the National Gallery, these variations will, doubtless, prove acceptable to our readers; and they throw light upon the painter's technical execution, which is somewhat disputed.

New Books.

A HAND-BOOK FOR HOLIDAYS SPENT IN AND NEAR LONDON.

BATING the pedantry of the Greek motto, (from Euripides) and the assumption of "Felix Summerly, Esq." as the editor, this is a well-conceived pamphlet. He must, indeed, possess more simplicity than the greenest spring, who can be deceived by such a lackadaisical conceit as "Summerly;" and from this font there trickles through the book some very refreshing nonsense, or amateur attempts at fine writing. Sorry are we to appear captious about this trifle; but a book on London need not be powdered with cockneyisms, nor have its sentences frizzled with fine thoughts; and the information herein contained might have been conveyed as pleasantly, without a redundancy of clumsy compliments.

We recognise in "Felix Summerly" the author of a paper of striking merit, on Hampton Court palace, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* about two years since. It was a piece of vigorous and graphic writing, and drew from the *Literary World* such an encomium, as, coupled with an after-suggestion, induced the author to write *A Hand-book for Hampton Court*, which was alike meritoriously executed. Then followed *A Hand-book for the National Gallery*, a sort of catalogue *raisonnée*, in price competing with that sold in Mr. Wilkins's loggia, and in criticism falling short of the Alexandrine opinions of certain judges of art in some newspapers, who contrive to spin their "mingled yarn" throughout the Exhibition season. Critiques on art in popular journals, as Mrs. Jameson has well observed, are but "a torrent of shallow and conventional verbiage," and friend Summerly's judgment rises no higher; at all events, it is very unequal to appreciate the "creations of genius" which cover the walls of Hampton Court, and the National Gallery; and his criticisms fall short of those by many of the Monday visitors to these popular exhibitions. Besides, the subjects have been better treated elsewhere; in the *Penny Maga-*

zine, for example, has appeared a series of criticisms of the works of old masters, in this country, which would grace any guinea octavo volume.

In the *Hand-book for Holidays*, Summerly is not always "at home." In fifty pages he enumerates no fewer than seventy-seven kinds of amusement in and round London, so that he has no room for his critical turn of mind. He opens with this prefatory smartness:

All the present generation must remember when St. James's Park was a swamp, with a long, straight, dismal line of water, choked with weeds, and enclosed between high, ugly, rotten palings; when there was no National Gallery of Pictures;—when you paid six shillings to warders, mumbling absurd legends about the Armouries and Jewel Office in the Tower;—when a fee of half-a-crown purchased the privilege of hurrying through Hampton Court Palace;—when, rowing from Blackfriars to Westminster, you were abused by a tipsy waterman for paying him only double his fare;—when you subjected a coachman to fine and perhaps imprisonment for riding in his stage-coach, after it had passed to the east of the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner;—and, when being admitted at all to any sight, you were suspected of the iconoclastic fury of a puritan, and watched lest you should chip off the nose or finger of a statue or cut your name on a wall. A short period of twenty years has worked a healthy change, and left little but the remembrance of such grievances. St. James's Park has become the most ornamental of walks in London, crowded with people of all ages and ranks, sympathising with the sports of the water fowl. Four days in the week, all who are able may enjoy Wilkie's "Village Festival," Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," or Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus," at the National Gallery. Instead of six shillings you pay six pence for a sight of the curiosities of the Tower, rationally displayed. Daily (except Fridays), Hampton Court Palace, with all its Gardens, Tapestries, and Pictures, are at your command, to spend what length of time you please in contemplating the relics of Cardinal Wolsey's grandeur, or in gazing almost adoringly on Raffaele's "Cartoons." A silver groat (would we had even lesser coins in silver) wafts you between Battersea and London Bridge in a steamer; or if you prefer land carriage, there are countless omnibuses to all parts eager to engage your patronage for a sixpence.

No wonder that in times past where one person visited our national sights with discomfort and grumbling, twenty, and even a hundred in some cases, should do so at the present time with cheerfulness and gratitude.

Our main objection to this *Hand-book* is the want of precision in the information sought to be conveyed; at which line of writing the author is any thing but handy or "Felix." Thus, under the British Museum, he tells us, "unlike every continental library of importance, there is no classed catalogue of its valuable stores;" why "Old King Cole" would have written better English than this miserable sentence. In the East India Company's Museum, we read, is a collection of stuffed birds, beasts, &c. "all connected with the East." Under National Gallery, Felix does not forget to contrast, with the official shilling catalogue, his own hand-books, at 6d., 3d., and 1d. Royal Academy: among the exhibitors is mentioned Westmacott, who has retired; but Behnes is omitted. Buckingham Palace: "George the Fourth formed, perhaps, the rarest collection of pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, *which is here*;" yet, not a word as to the means of gaining access. Billingsgate fishwomen, sailors, coal-porters, wharfingers, &c. are mentioned as "the peculiar characteristics" of the neighbourhood of the Tower! Greenwich Hospital: relics of Nelson "are shown with intense veneration;" which, however, proceeds from the spectators. Westminster Abbey: we are oddly told that Henry the Seventh's chapel is "a wonderful sight," and that "the tombs are incongruous as works of art; but are of great interest as memorials of the strong men in divinity, government,

poetry, and heroism, whom the nation has thought deserving of honour;" this is to the letter a picture-of-London style. St. Paul's "looks *cruelly cold* for want of colour and decoration." "The monuments are on the whole suitable enough to the style of the building;" the meeting of the charity children, and their singing, "is an exhibition which stands quite alone." In Woolwich dock-yard is "all the activity of machinery incidental to ship-building." The Mint: "the whole process of coining may be seen *when the operations are going on*!" The visitor is advised to visit the Monument when a slight breeze is moving; "then you will have *only half* London in smoke." The Adelaide Gallery catalogue is 6d. not 1s. as here stated. On the water at the Polytechnic Institution, "are models of all sorts of machinery in connexion with the use of water." The Zoological Society's Museum is not in Leicester square, as here stated, but has been removed to Broad street, Golden square, since last spring. In the Gardens, we are told "the live specimens are shown under the most favourable circumstances of space, cleanliness, and safety; the gardens are tastefully displayed; and when the flowers are in blossom, the whole is a most delightful exhibition of the wonders of the creation!" The model out-door paintings at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, are referred to as "Panoramic Views," and the animals as "live specimens in Natural History," which might also include the shrubs and flowers, and the counter-girls in the confectionery-house. The ornamental buildings in Kew gardens are quaintly condemned as "curious mistakes in taste." In Loddige's Nursery grounds are "Palm trees above eighty feet high, in green-houses of *corresponding magnitude*:" how strange that the house should be as large as the object it contains! Miss Linwood's exhibition consists of "paintings rendered into needle-work." Here is an odd sentence on bazaars: "they are almost wholly kept by females; the late Mr. Trotter was the *originator of them*, (of whom?) and by his excellent regulations established his own as a very valuable property to himself." The service at the Jews' synagogue is described as, in one part, "a very sea of tongues heaving to and fro, murmuring confusedly!"—Felix, thou art happy in metaphor! The walks in St. James's park "are very pretty, and are sheltered or open at pleasure." The buildings in the Regent's park are referred to as "characteristic specimens of modern architecture, which have a lath-and-plaster air of mock grandeur about most of them—offensive and tawdry;" towards the north it "is less infested with buildings." Kensington gardens is wound up with this delicate compliment: "this is the spot of all others to see the finest women in the world, (as English women are) as well as horses in great numbers, and in the greatest perfection:"—Felix! you are a waggish Don. The York column is oddly stated to command "views of the surrounding scenery," which may be said of every hillock.

There are six pages of "Excursions around the metropolis," extending to Gravesend, Sevenoaks, Dorking, the Isle of Wight, Reading, St. Alban's, Hatfield, &c. We are recommended to get to Sevenoaks "in the quickest way possible, which is by carriage of some kind!" Here is another obscurity: "walk to St. George's hill, the highest of the Surrey hills, near the Thames:" now St. George's is far from being the loftiest hill in Surrey, which is Leith hill, nine hundred and ninety feet high. We learn that "if the present lessee of Oatlands park (Lord F. Egerton) had not forbidden its use as a thoroughfare, the walk might be varied through the varieties of its fine foliage." Corollary: if Buckingham palace gardens were a thoroughfare for the public, they need not go by Grosvenor-place, or the Park, to reach Pimlico; in this case too, they might gather the choicest flowers in the royal

gardens, and play at hide-and-seek in the Queen's private summer-house! In this division, however, there are some useful directions for rambles from the railways round London, and a neat sketch of the geology of London. All this, however, we would willingly exchange for more precise details of the metropolis itself; for we scarcely find the height of one of the public buildings. "Charges at Inns" contains some droll recommendations—as to give "boots" twopence; deduct three shillings from an eleven shilling and sixpenny bill, and not give the odd pence to the servants, to do which is "a very corrupt practice: all other tradesmen pay their own servants, so ought inn-keepers." The seasons of some theatres are stated to be "dependent on having a lessee," a condition applicable to all theatres. The *Hand book* is closed with an Almanac, as "many excursions depend on the supply of light, both by day and night, state of the tide, &c."

But we must shake hands with Felix, and part. We have bestowed some time upon his little book, because it may prove the germ or stock of a very superior work. He may think us severe upon his *lapses*; but the round-about, involved style is unpardonable in a printed Guide; since we find too much of this failing in the show-folk of our public "curiosities." Perchance, Summerly may think our criticism mere fault-finding, and the "winter of discontent;" but we wish him and his *Hand-book* many years of improvement and prosperity.

VARIETIES.

News.—When the report of the demise of William the Fourth reached Teneriffe, some of the good towns-people spread about that George the Eighth, the king of England, was dead.

Australian Oats.—In Australia, the oat grows wild to the height of five or six feet; it is similar to the European oats, with the addition of a beard, like barley. It grows wild so abundantly, that several acres might be mown at once.

Frilled Lizard.—Governor Grey, whilst exploring the banks of Glenelg river, met with a remarkable frilled lizard, (*chlamydosaurus Kingii*.) This animal measures about twenty-four inches from the tip of the nose to the point of its tail, and lives principally in trees, although it can run very swiftly along the ground; when not provoked or disturbed, it moves quietly about, with its frill lying back in plaits upon the body; but it is very irascible, and directly it is frightened, elevates the frill or ruff, and makes for a tree; where, if overtaken, it throws itself upon its stern, and raising its head and chest as high as it can upon the fore legs, then doubling its tail underneath the body, and displaying a very formidable set of teeth, from the concavity of its large frill, it boldly faces any opponent, biting fiercely whatever is presented to it, and even making a fierce charge at its enemy. The governor repeatedly tried the courage of this lizard, and it fought bravely whenever attacked. From the animal making so much use of this frill as a covering and means of defence for its body, this is, probably, one of the uses to which nature intended the appendage should be applied.

Odd Christianity.—The Christian slaves of Bahia consider religion to be merely wearing a string of beads round the neck; and they believe that those who wear such beads go up to heaven after death, and that those who are beardless go down under the waters! They call themselves "captives," not "slaves," and are as punctilious upon this point as the North Americans in calling their "servants," "helps." They work hard, pay their masters 1s. 6d. per day, and keep the rest of their earnings; so that the rate of labour must be very high.

Little Cones and Great Effects.—In certain latitudes, "a fall of rain always beats the sea down;" thus showing forcibly what great results a slight force, continued for a long time, will produce.

The Chancery.—Under Edward I. the officers of the Chancery (Court) lived and lodged together at an inn, or hospitium, which, when the King resided at Westminster, was near the palace, or perhaps, part of it, until it was removed to the Domus Conversorum, under Edward III. The writs were sealed on a marble table which stood at the upper end of the Hall, and there they seem to have been delivered out to the suitors. It is supposed that this table still exists beneath the stone stairs. When the King travelled, he was followed by the whole establishment of the Chancery, (Chancellor, clerks, and all,) on which occasions, it was usual to require a strong horse, able to carry the rolls, from some religious house bound to furnish the animal; and at the towns where the King rested during his progress, an hospitium was assigned to the Chancery.

Accurate Description.—Orator Duncan, it will be remembered, received a severe injury from something in the shape of cowskin, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. "Where were you hurt, doctor?" said a friend, "Was it near the vertebra?" "No, no," said the disciple of Galen, "it was near the Race-course."—*Picayune*.

American "Did you ever?"—The editor of the *Daily Boston Mail*, (probably, after reading the "Did you ever?" of the *Comic Almanac* for 1841,) asks the following questions of his readers:—

Did you ever know a young lady with very white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a gay lad and sprightly lass who couldn't pick berries into one basket?

Did you ever know a woman that never had anything stolen from her clothes-line?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer-time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favourite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?

Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard, and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?

Did you ever know a young lady that did not have some very curious piece of sewing that she wouldn't let the young gentlemen see?

Did you ever know a very pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties and concerts?—*Quoted in Gems from America.*—No. I.

Houses in England have increased no less than eighty-nine per cent within the last forty years; whilst the population has only increased, during the same period, in the average of seventy-eight per cent. This is, doubtless, explained by the practice of building houses smaller than formerly, as well as by the reduced prices of materials, and the slight mode of building. Neither does this increase of houses denote prosperity, for there are now nearly one-fourth more empty houses than in 1831.

"Scarecrows."—In Teneriffe, peasants are stationed upon the hills where fruit-trees abound, who shout most "laudably" whenever they see a traveller approach the trees, to deter him from gathering the fruit! This is certainly more humane than steel-traps or spring-guns.

Eternity.—An American clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaims to his hearers: "Eternity! why you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

LONDON: W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Dublin: CURRY & CO.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.